THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 8, 1802.

CHARACTER *of the late* REV. DR. O'LEARY.

By MR. PRATT.

THIS diſtinguiſhed capuchin was deſcended from an ancient and once powerful family in the kingdom of Ireland; but in the revolutions of that country, had long been deprived of hereditary property, in common with many other illuſtrious names. The perſonal fortune, however, of his parents, enabled them to give their ſon a private education; and to ſend him into foreign countries to extend his knowledge, as the poſſibility of further improvement was denied him in his own, through the deſpotiſm of penal laws.

Having completed his ſtudies, he diſcovered in his mind a ſtrong bias to a religious life, and indulged it by entering into a communion of the holy order of St. Francis. On his ordination, he was appointed chaplain to a regiment, but was removed, and forfeited a penſion, becauſe he would not comply with the requiſition of a foreign ſovereign, to enliſt in his ſervice the ſubjects of the king of his own country; a practice which had continued ſince the formation of a code of ſtatutes which prohibited them from the military ſervice of their own monarch.

Father Arthur connected the wiſdom of the world with the innocence of paſtoral, and even of primitive manners. His benevolence was of the moſt unaffected kind; his piety fervid and ſincere; his manners the moſt winning and artleſs; anticipating his good will and urbanity before he opened his lips; and when they were opened, his expreſſions did but ratify what thoſe manners had before enſured. And you had a further earneſt of this benign and ineffable ſmile of a countenance ſo little

practiſed in guile, that it at the ſame time invited to confidence, and denoted an impoſſibility of your being betrayed. But if his ſmile beckoned the worthy to approach, his frown ſtruck terror into the heart of the guilty, and made him dread to advance. Sir Guiſe had more than once felt its potency. His voice was ſonorous, bold, and nervous, correſponding with the manly and ſterling ſenſe it imparted. His reaſoning was ſound, and his love of liberty a ſteady light, rather than a tranſient blaze; rather the vital principle of an honeſt mind, conſcious of its rights, than the ravings of a factious ſpirit, infected by popular frenzy. All he ſaid and all he did was genuine, even to his moſt trifling ſports. The reader will therefore prejudge the zeal of his devotion. It was glowing without papiſtic rage; and earneſt without catholic prejudice.

Our reſpectable franciſcan diſcovered the cloiſter only in his dreſs and deportment; not that the firſt exhibited his gown of coarſe ſerge, his cord, or his roſary, but, that his out-of-faſhion ſuit of ſables hung upon him ſomewhat monaſtically; and the latter was ſtately and inflexible enough to have characteriſed the fellow of one of our colleges. He was nearly ſix feet high; a perfect perpendicular, with a kind of vigour in his muſcles that ſeemed to ſuffer from bending.—There was, of courſe, a formality in his bows; and this, in ſome meaſure, extended to his addreſs; but an original vein of humour, and quaint jocularity, rendered him gay with the ſprightly, in the ſame proportion that his more ſolid powers made him ſedate with the grave; it was ſcarcely poſſible to meet a perſon ſo univerſally acceptable to all ranks of people. His ſociety was ſought, and appreciated, by men and women of all perſuaſions, and his life, in all its changes, from the monk in his cell to the man of the world, from the ſocial friend to the ſolitary recluſe, had been ſo unſpotted and blameleſs, that to boaſt an acquaintance with Father Arthur was an honour; and to poſſeſs that honour without love and veneration was impoſſible.

Such was the blameleſs prieſt, who is known to have long conſidered himſelf as an advocate, pleading for the proteſtant in France, and for the Jew in Liſbon—as well as for the catholic in Ireland:—the patriot, whoſe loyalty is ſound:—the philanthropiſt, who, cloathing humanity in the robes of eloquence, employed his voice and pen in exhorting mankind to lay aſide all religious diſtinctions; ſince it was equal to the Iſraelite, releaſed from bondage, whether his temple was built by Solomon or by Cyrus, provided he had liberty to pray unmoleſted, and to ſleep under his own vine.

A DIS-

A DISTRESSING NARRATIVE.

IN a gentleman's parlour in the Iſle of Wight there are ſome ſmall pictures of a ſhip in diſtreſs. In 1727 his father was ſecond mate in the Saxborough galley, a fine ſhip, commanded by Captain Kellaway.—Her crew, including two paſſengers, conſiſted of 39. On June 25th, in their way from Jamaica to England, the ſhip took fire, by the careleſs application of a candle to a puncheon of rum: the yawl was hoiſted out, and 22 men and boys crowded into it; the long boat remained on board on fire. In this ſituation, without clothes, proviſion, or compaſs, at the diſtance of 120 leagues from the neareſt land, they experience all the miſeries of cold, hunger, and thirſt. It was propoſed to fling into the ſea the two boys who had occaſioned the misfortune; this was over-ruled. It was propoſed to caſt lots, and give all an equal chance of being ſaved by lightening the boat, which lay deep in the water; this was oppoſed, and ſoon became unneceſſary, by the death of five of the people raving mad. Hunger grew now irreſiſtible. Mr. Scrimſour, the ſurgeon, propoſed eating the bodies of the dead, and drinking their blood; he made the firſt eſſay, and turned his head aſide and wept.—They could only reliſh the hearts, of which they ate three. They cut the throats of their dead companions as ſoon as life was departed; and found themſelves refreſhed and invigorated by this unnatural beverage. By the 12th day the number was reduced to twelve; a raging ſea added to their miſeries; a dead duck, in a putrid ſtate, came within their reach, and was eaten as the greateſt delicacy. On July the 7th deſpair ſeized them, and they lay down to die. By accident Mr. Boys raiſed himſelf and ſaw land; on communicating the news to the ſurvivors they were inſtantly re-animated, and took to their oars. They perceived ſome ſhallops in with the land, and found themſelves on the coaſt of Newfoundland. They were taken on ſhore, and treated with the utmoſt humanity by Captain Le Cras, of Guernſey, admiral of the harbour. Mr. Boys, (the narrator) with true piety, kept the day of his deliverance ever after as a faſt.—He finiſhed his days as Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hoſpital, March the 4th, 1774, aged 74. Mr. Scrimſour, the ſurgeon, died at the age of 80; and George Mould, a ſeaman, being brought into Greenwich Hoſpital by the Lieutenant-Governor, died there at the age of 92.

On SUSPICIOUS MEETINGS.

WHEN thoſe tumultuous aſſemblies, called *routs*, are daily multiplying in Bath, and all the provincial towns, as well as in the metropolis, and which evidently come within the

act againſt ſeditious meetings, it behoves the magiſtrate to keep a watchful eye on their proceedings. For, as there appears no *viſible* motive, either of pleaſure or of emolument, for five or ſix hundred people crowding together, in hot rooms, at theſe nocturnal meetings, depend upon it, there is ſome ſecret conſpiracy that ſhuns the light, lurking under this appearance of apathy and diſſipation.

A great part of the company indeed ſeem to be no otherwiſe employed, than in ſtrolling up and down the rooms, and ſtaring at each other with unmeaning vacant faces; yet there are certainly ſome dark deſigns and diabolical machinations carrying on in thoſe little juntos in the corner of the room, and *behind the curtains* in the bow-windows.

There are, indeed, four (I ſuppoſe emigrant) crowned heads, and their royal conſorts, who generally attend thoſe aſſemblies; and who may be thought a ſufficient pledge for the loyalty of the company But there are likewiſe ſome ſly deſigning *knaves* and ill-looking fellows in ſhort great coats, who, beſide the ſuſpicion of their ſtealing *hearts*, and pilfering *diamonds*, under pretence of gallantry, have, probably, ſome political ſcheme to put in execution. They have no fire-arms, indeed, but they have ſome ſhort *clubs*, and concealed weapons, which ſeem to indicate ſome murderous intention.

In ſhort, the magiſtrates ſhould not only attend theſe dangerous aſſemblies, which (to do them juſtice, they generally do); but they ſhould alſo inveſt the chairman with *conſtabularian* authority, that they may be at hand in caſe of any treaſonable or burglarious practices; to prevent any ſeditious harangues againſt the government and conſtitution, or any violation of the ſecurity of locks and keys, or domeſtic padlocks, and the like felonious atrocities.

ACCOUNT *of the late* MR. LOOKUP.

HE was a North Briton by birth, but ſerved an apprenticeſhip to an apothecary in the north of England, and acted in that profeſſion, as a journeyman, in the city of Bath. Soon after the death of his maſter, he paid his addreſſes to the widow, and prevailed on her to favour him with her hand. From his infancy, he had a ſtrong propenſity for play; and living conſtantly in that ſeat of gaiety and diſſipation, he had frequent opportunities of indulging it. As he grew older, he gave a greater latitude to his inclinations, and became very expert at ſeveral games, being endowed with a very good underſtanding, and a penetrating genius. Finding himſelf by his connubial alliance, maſter of about five hundred pounds, he preſently ſhut up ſhop, and turned his application from pharmacy to calcula-

tion.

tion. He became a firſt-rate piquet-player, a very good whiſt-player, an excellent back-gammon-player, and a tolerable billiard-player. In a ſhort time, by his inceſſant induſtry, he greatly increaſed his capital.

About this time, Lord Cheſterfield particularly diſtinguiſhed Mr. Lookup, and from his patronage, people of the firſt rank did not think Mr. Lookup's company beneath them; ſo true is the obſervation, "that he who plays as deep as any man, is company for any man." His lordſhip and Mr. Lookup, were for a long time a conſtant match at piquet, his lordſhip playing the game more than tolerably well; but Mr. Lookup's ſuperior ſkill at length prevailed, and the latter was a very conſiderable gainer by the party. His lordſhip ſometimes amuſed himſelf at billiards with Mr. Lookup; and it was upon one of theſe occaſions that his lordſhip had the laugh againſt him, from a *fineſſe* of his antagoniſt. Mr. Lookup had met with an accident, by which he was deprived of the ſight of one of his eyes, though to any curſory obſerver it appeared as perfect as the other. Having been the conqueror on even terms againſt Lord Cheſterfield, Lookup aſked how many he would give him if he would put a patch upon one eye. Lord Cheſterfield agreed to give him five, and Lookup beat him ſeveral times ſucceſſively. At length his lordſhip, with ſome petulance, exclaimed, "Lookup, I think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it," replied Lookup, "for I have ſeen only out of one for theſe ten years." With the money he won of Lord Cheſterfield, he bought ſome houſes at Bath, and jocularly named them Cheſterfield-row.

After accumulating a conſiderable ſum by play, he repaired to the capital: and having buried his wife, married another widow with a very large fortune. His plan of operations was now much enlarged, and though he played occaſionally for his amuſement, or when he met with what is termed a good thing, he did not now purſue gaming as a regular profeſſion. He ſtruck out ſeveral ſchemes, ſome viſionary, and others advantageous; among the foremoſt of theſe was a project for making ſaltpetre, for which extenſive buildings were erected at Chelſea. So ſanguine were his hopes of ſucceſs, that he perſuaded a particular friend of his to become a partner, and the loſs of many thouſands was the conſequence of purſuing his project. He was concerned in many privateers at the beginning of the war, and at the cloſe of it he engaged in the African trade. His darling paſſion would, however, ſometimes predominate, and he has been known to ſit up whole nights, playing for very conſiderable ſums, within a few weeks of his death. Nay it is averred that he died with a pack of cards in his hand, at his favourite game, bumbug, or two-handed whiſt; on which Mr. Foote facetiouſly obſerved,

obſerved, " That Lookup was humbugged out of the world at laſt."

The affair for which he was on the point of ſuffering a diſgraceful puniſhment, made a great noiſe in the world; we ſhall therefore briefly ſtate it. Meeting with Sir Thomas F——k, they agreed to repair to a tavern, to play at cribbage. They played very deep, and Mr. Lookup won between three and four hundred pounds, which he received, but it having been hinted to Sir Thomas that Lookup muſt have had a pull upon him, the baronet commenced an action to recover double damages, according to the ſtatute. In defending this action, by the blunder of Lookup's attorney, he ſwore to a circumſtance which was proved to be falſe. Lookup was hereupon impriſoned and proſecuted for perjury, and would have ſtood on the pillory if a flaw had not been diſcovered in the indictment, which opened a door for his eſcape.

Mr. Lookup, upon the whole, was almoſt as extraordinary a character as has been ſeen for many years. He poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of good ſenſe, cultivated by a long acquaintance with the world; he had a ſmattering of learning, a retentive memory, a fluency of words, and a vivacity of imagination. We cannot add that he was generous, grateful, or courageous. He ended his days in Holland, whither he went to ſettle ſome commercial affairs: we cannot poſitively aſcertain his age, but we think he muſt have been bordering upon ſeventy.

ADDRESS *to the* SEAMEN *in the* ROYAL NAVY.

NOW that the late unhappy and diſgraceful mutiny has been effectually quelled and atoned by the lives of the principal delinquents, it is a duty to detail unequivocally the ſentiments of the whole nation upon the late occurrences, and to expreſs, without reſerve, the indignation and reſentment generally felt, at the ungrateful return the country has more than once met with from ſome of the moſt favoured, the moſt indulged, and cheriſhed of all its children. It is not, however, to look back upon the paſt in its ruinous and diſaſtrous conſequences that we have entered upon this diſcuſſion; let the memory of them deter and terrify the ignorant dupes of other men's artifice and ambition; but never let it deface the Britiſh annals, or add to thoſe ſtains that not all the laurels of victory can hide in the character of our ſeamen.

For the time to come, it is neceſſary that every ſailor ſhould clearly know that he can do no more than his duty by his country. Lord St. Vincent, Lord Nelſon, Sir Sidney Smith, have done no more. They have only acquitted the debt they owed according to the great mind and faculties they were endowed

with; and it is but juſt the country ſhould be proud of them, her own children, the beſt and braveſt that ever any country owned. Does any ſeaman not know, that if one of theſe illuſtrious men were to be guilty of treaſon or ſedition, his head would fall upon the ſcaffold, the juſt atonement of his ungrateful crime; and his previous ſervices would only enhance and magnify the unnatural character of guilt, where virtue only is thought poſſible and looked for?

Which of the unfortunate men who have been executed for their rebellion could expect to be ſaved, by ſervices or character, from the puniſhment of a crime which would carry a Howe, a Hood, or a Saumarez to an infamous death? If paſt good conduct excites pity on one ſide, it carries equal diſguſt and reſentment upon the other. To forfeit a good character is a treachery to our friends as well as to ourſelves; if a well-ſpent life, and the honour, comfort, and advantage flowing from it, are no pledges for future honeſty, what anchor ſhall be tough enough to hold us?

This ſubject is ſo painful, that we ſhall rather run the riſk of being obſcure and deficient, than dwell upon it even to its neceſſary length. What we are deſirous to impreſs upon the minds of the Britiſh ſeamen is briefly this:—That merits are not to be ſet off againſt crimes, and that previous merits which procure reward and confidence, are an augmentation of crimes.

That a man cannot do too much for his country.

That this country has done every thing—much more than enough for the ſeamen.

That ſhe has been ill-requited for it; and that in future the crime of mutiny, revolt, ſedition, indiſcipline, or any ſpecies of inſubordination, neither can nor will be pardoned in her ſhips.

The unfortunate and guilty men who are no more, have done the beſt they could in fully warning their comrades by their dying words; but the example of their puniſhment, and the mercy of government to many ſcarcely leſs guilty, is a document more ſtriking. It ought to be known, that it is the laſt mercy that Britain can ever ſhew to the moſt unpardonable of crimes. The robber, the forger, and the murderer, injure an individual or a family. The mutineer is an ungrateful child, betraying his parent to the murderer—the public foe, the enemy of his country and his countrymen,—a traitor—a poltroon—every thing that is infamous and vile, and who can never ſet his foot on ſhore again, without being taunted and upbraided by all who know his crime.

A MATRI-

A MATRIMONIAL VISION.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

YOU know it is a cuſtom (at leaſt in this country) when there is a marriage, for the parties to ſend round to their different friends ſlices of the bride-cake, which, ſay they, by placing under your pillow, or eating it as you go to bed, produces wonderfully pleaſant dreams. I think I have ſomewhere read, "we have a right to doubt; philoſophical doubt leads to truth." This is modeſt; but I poſitively denied the fact, nor, ſaid I, ſhall any perſon, by any or all the rules of logic, convince me of the contrary. Now this you know, Sir, is obſtinacy—downright obſtinacy; and ſuch, Sir, is the compunction I feel on account of it, being now convinced of the fact, that I am conſtrained to acknowledge to my friends, in the face of all the world, my conviction of it, as the only atonement I can offer them: and though ſome of your nicer, critical friends, may not be perſuaded that it proves the point in caſe, ſuch, Sir, is the impreſſion left on my mind, that I hope, and I ſpeak it with a ſerious face, I hope I ſhall never queſtion it again.

Well, Sir, to be brief with you; for I hate long diſcourſes: Indeed more by the lovelineſs of the hand that preſented it (which you know is more powerful than logic) than by any expected pleaſure, I accepted the other evening a ſlice of this bride-cake, which had been properly conſecrated by being drawn through the wedding ring nine times, &c. and was determined to make the experiment. Judging very rightly that its effluvia might much more eaſily and effectually reach my brain by eating, than by placing it under my pillow, I adopted the former plan.

After ruminating for ſome time on a long liſt of the moſt pleaſant and accompliſhed damſels, and heſitating which I ſhould ſelect for the ſubject of my dream ('twas very natural, you know, and by the bye a very neceſſary preparation), I fell into a gentle ſlumber, and to my great ſurprize fancied myſelf—now don't anticipate my ſubject—not tranſported to Arcadian bowers, to gaze on the charms of my fair one, ſurrounded with all that is delightful in nature. No, alas! but alone, penſively reclined on a moſſy bank, beneath the green elm tree that grows in yonder vale. "Well, but," you'll "ſay, what has any thing elſe to do with your preſent purpoſe?"—You ſhall hear. Fancying myſelf, I ſay, eſcaped from the buſy ſcenes of life, I had retired to this rural ſpot, to indulge myſelf in ſpeculations on the purſuits of men. Happineſs, ſaid I to myſelf, appears to be their only aim; and ſome, perhaps, poſſeſs it: but how few! licentiouſneſs, avarice, ambition, with all their attendant paſſions, engroſs the greater part, and leave to virtue and to friendſhip a very,

very ſmall remnant. A phantom is the object of their purſuit: perpetual diſappointment, of courſe, is their lot; yet they never diſcover the cheat.

Theſe reflections, calculated to inſpire the mind with melancholy rather than with joy, together with the ſtillneſs of the evening, and the romantic ſcenery around me, produced in my mind a ſympathy, a feeling, which even to conceive of muſt be felt. Suddenly my eyes became ſuffuſed with tears, and my heart full with—I know not what; yet I was not unhappy.

In this ſituation I remained abſorbed, 'till rouſed by the voices of ſome perſons, who ſeemed to approach me, and lifting up my head, I diſcovered, at a few paces diſtant, three of the moſt angelic forms I had ever beheld. I prepared to withdraw; but, perceiving one of them was about to addreſs me, remained—fixed in aſtoniſhment. "Young man," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe approached, in ſounds the moſt mellifluous, "what is it that engages ſo much your attention? You ſeem to us unhappy; and we would fain relieve you: but," continued ſhe, as I was about to ſpeak, "excuſe our intruſion: ſome apology is neceſſary; our intention is kind; and perhaps our beſt apology will be, the communicating to you our names. Theſe are my ſiſters, Prudence and Virtue, and my name is Benevolence, by ſome called Charity: you know, or at leaſt have heard of us: our abode is encircled by yonder wood on the top of the hill: but let us hear your complaint." I bowed moſt reſpectfully; and ſimply related to them my feelings; acknowledged I was bewildered in the mazes of error and folly; that I wiſhed to be happy; that virtuous friendſhip appeared to me the only deſirable thing on earth; and that I felt myſelf utterly helpleſs in procuring it. They ſmiled: it was not a ſmile of contempt, but of complacency.

At that moment my heart overflowed with the moſt refined pleaſure; for with ſo much ſweetneſs, ſimplicity, and kindneſs I was enraptured. Nothing would prove a greater injuſtice than an attempt to pourtray their perſons: indeed their countenances contained ſo much to admire, that their exterior decorations, which were of the moſt ſimple and eaſy kind, hardly caught my attention: yet that you may conceive ſome ſort of idea of their characters, I will juſt relate to you the impreſſions of the moment: the countenance of Virtue denoted a mind ſerene and placid; that of Prudence reſerved and more penetrating, yet not harſh, and the more I beheld it, the more it won upon me; but that of Benevolence beamed with gentleneſs, goodneſs,—in ſhort with all that is charming. The image of one whom I well know, whoſe features I thought bore a ſtrong reſemblance to her's, ſuddenly preſented itſelf to my imagination: the recollection affected me, and I ſighed. "But," ſaid Benevolence, addreſſing herſelf to Virtue, "ſiſter, let us aſſiſt him; he ſighs for a friend

(I am aſhamed to uſe her word 'ſweetheart'); we can, we will procure him one." Then turning to me, and taking me by the hand, as ſhe ſpoke, while Virtue unfolded a parchment roll which ſhe drew from her boſom, "Man is born for ſociety; and for the ſociety of the fair: friendſhip is of all human bleſſings that which makes us the moſt happy; I ſpare myſelf the pleaſure of recounting to you all the little indeſcribable pleaſures attending it; for I perceive you have a ſoul that can feel, and perhaps have felt them: but the friendſhip of the fair ſex is far the ſweeteſt: Nature has ordered it ſo—and that you may be gratified, ſelect from this record, (pointing to the roll) her whom you think the moſt likely to make you ſo. "Madam," ſaid I, and as I ſpoke my face glowed with bluſhes, "this is what I neither expect nor deſerve; and, perhaps, in ſelecting, I may err, for human paſſions blind us: to you I ſubmit this taſk, too hard for me to accompliſh: your goodneſs I know is ſufficient; and you will not—you cannot refuſe me."—Prudence, who had been contemplating the ſcenery, then turning to me, and with a majeſty in her looks, which is ſcarcely equalled, ſaid, "He who imparts profuſely, to mortals as well as immortals, the choiceſt bleſſings, has endowed me with the faculty of calculating, from characters and circumſtances paſt as well as preſent, the events of human actions. Pleaſed with your modeſty, I undertake to ſerve you in this, a matter of ſo great importance: but that you may not be deceived, I would firſt obſerve to you I ſhall not flatter: truth becomes me moſt; and though in giving my opinion, I may ſeem to thwart your inclination, do not think me ſevere: it is at your happineſs I aim, and that only. Submit to my inſtructions; by ſubmitting you ſhall be happy; for none ever ſubmitted, and was not ſo. Virtue will read you a catalogue of fair ones, whom ſhe has thought worthy her attention, and whom ſhe has ſelected, with the deſign of making mortals, like you, happy. I do not ſay they are exempt from every little foible and weakneſs; No: that would not be conſonant with the preſent order of things: but they are ſuch as, with whom the gentleman, or the man of buſineſs, the philoſopher, or the moraliſt, might be happy." "Madam," then ſaid I, and what I ſaid I felt, "Your goodneſs to me is unbounded: I would communicate to you my feelings; but language fails me: yet I am grateful—yes very grateful."

Virtue then read to me the names of many, which were familiar, but which, Mr. Printer, delicacy forbids me to diſcloſe. Prudence occaſionally commented on their different characters; and I was ſurpriſed to hear of ſo many good qualities, where I expected none; and regretted the want of them, where I expected them in profuſion. Now and then I ſeemed to indicate a more than uſual complacency at hearing a name, but alas! Prudence clearly pointed out to me that I had been

been deceived. There were, however, a few, that more particularly caught my attention, with whom I was (I will not ſay in love, that would be too vulgar a phraſe), but of whom I had conceived the higheſt opinion. Prudence confirmed my good opinion, by marking their particular excellencies; and, Sir, nothing but the apprehenſion, leſt her atteſtation of their virtues, might be thought to approach too near to flattery, prevents my communicating their names, at leaſt, to you: but 'tis ſufficient their friends know their worth; the world, if it knew it, would but hate them.

I then fixed on the partner of my joys; and my heart danced with pleaſure at hearing Prudence commend my choice. "But," ſaid ſhe, "One thing is neceſſary for you to obſerve: on it depends much of your future happineſs: you ought"—Alas! I am left to gueſs only, at what ſhe would have ſaid: for at that moment the hail rattled againſt my window; I ſtarted from my pillow; I recollected it was winter; and that I had been amuſed only by an agreeable illuſion.—Every morning and evening ſince that period do I heartily pray that ſome one of my friends may ſoon be married; for certain I am, that by renewing the ſame experiment, I ſhall experience the ſame pleaſure.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

HONESTAS.

P. S. Should a certain claſs of your readers be diſpoſed to make the like experiment, I would juſt let them into a ſecret. My friends, if you are unhappily married, evade it by all poſſible means—furies, hobgoblins, ſatyrs, with every claſs of the demoniac tribe, will ſo haunt your imagination, for that night at leaſt, that it will be in vain for you to expect any reſt.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of KING's BENCH, January 27.

HOCKLIS *v.* MITCHELL.

THE Attorney General moved for a new trial in this cauſe. It was an action of treſpaſs brought againſt the captain of the Boxer gun-brig, by the owners of the ſloop Duke of Cumberland. The Boxer was laying at anchor in Gallion Reach, and was run foul of by the ſloop, upon which the defendant ordered his men to cut away her rigging in order to diſengage the two veſſels, The defendant juſtified on the ground that it was owing to the miſmanagement and negligence of the people on

board the ſloop ſhe ran foul of the brig, and that what he had done was neceſſary for the preſervation of his own ſhip. The plaintiff replied he had done more than was neceſſary. Upon the trial the verdict was in favour of the plaintiff.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, the jury had conſidered the whole of the caſe, and given their opinion.

The Attorney General obſerved, that thoſe who had defended Captain Mitchell were very deſirous that the queſtion ſhould undergo another inveſtigation.

Lord KENYON—" It was left to the jury, whether what was done was done under the preſſure of circumſtances and from unavoidable neceſſity; and the queſtion was fully diſcuſſed by the jury. The conduct of thoſe for whom you appear has been moſt honourable. It appeared upon the trial that this perſon having alledged that what he did was in the fair execution of his office as captain of one of his majeſty's ſhips of war, the Lords of the Admiralty ſaid to him, " You ſhall be protected as far as is neceſſary to enable you to defend yourſelf; but if it ſhall appear that you have done any thing wantonly, the public purſe ſhall not pay for it, the damages muſt come out of your own pocket." The jury, with every circumſtance before them, did draw the concluſion that what had been done had been done wantonly. There were words uſed by the defendant which led to that concluſion; it was in evidence he ſaid, " Damn them, cut away." Perhaps a little more pauſe would have extricated both ſhips without injury to either."

The Attorney General ſtated, that upon the trial Captain Hood, of the Zealous, and another naval officer of high eſtimation, had given a very ſtrong opinion in favour of the defendant's conduct. He underſtood it was the opinion of the whole navy, that if theſe ſort of verdicts were given, there would be no ſecurity for thoſe who commanded ſhips employed on important public ſervices. He ſhould not have urged this application if it had not been for the immediate requeſt of the Lords of the Admiralty, who had preſſed him to make the motion, alledging that had the defendant acted otherwiſe than he had done, he would have been liable to have been broke.

Lord KENYON.—" I have a very high reſpect for the Lords of the Admiralty, but I cannot take their private opinions as the law of the country."

The Attorney General remarked that the brig was every moment expecting orders to ſail to join Admiral Nelſon and Sir Hyde Parker, in order to proceed to the attack of Copenhagen, and the leaſt delay might have been attended with the moſt ſerious conſequences with regard to that memorable expedition. The brig's bowſprit was entangled in the rigging of the ſloop, and not a moment was to be loſt.

Lord

Lord KENYON.—All this was before the jury. The queſtion is, whether they have drawn a falſe concluſion. I am of opinion we ought not to grant a new trial.

Attorney General.—I have done my duty.—Rule refuſed.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS, January 27.

DEFFLIES *v.* PARRY.

THIS was an action upon a policy of inſurance on madder, on board a ſhip bound from Rotterdam to London, which had been captured by a French privateer. A verdict had been found for the plaintiff—To ſet aſide this verdict Mr. Serjeant Lens applied on behalf of the defendant—he contended that as this madder was on board a ſhip conſigned to Meſſrs. Bridge and Smith, who had his majeſty's licence to trade between Holland and this country only by themſelves or their agents, the plaintiff's traffic was not legal, and therefore he was not entitled to a verdict.

Lord Alvanley obſerved, that theſe letters of licence to particular merchants, were evidently intended to enable them to make the moſt of them, to trade for themſelves, or to trade as the agents of others; therefore the diſtinctions taken by the learned counſel, upon this queſtion, and of which the underwriter ſeemed inclined to avail himſelf, could not ſtand.—Rule refuſed.

BENSAMON *v.* HARRISON.

MR. SERJEANT BEST applied on behalf of the defendant for a rule to ſhew cauſe why there ſhould not be a non-ſuit or a new trial in this cauſe. He ſtated, that it appeared in evidence that the plaintiff, who was an Algerine Jew, had a demand of 4000l. on the government; he entered into a contract with the defendant to give him ten per cent. on all he could recover for him. The defendant accordingly obtained a warrant for the payment of 1200l. to the plaintiff; which plaintiff did not think proper to preſent at the treaſury, conceiving it below his juſt claim. Some time, however, before the warrant was obtained, plaintiff gave the defendant 100l. to forward his application to the treaſury, to recover which the action was brought; and defendant put in, as a ſet-off, the contract before alluded to and his ſervice in conſequence thereof; but theſe the jury, under the direction of the learned judge, overlooked, as illegal, and allowed the defendant five per cent. on the 1200l. recovered, and awarded the plaintiff the difference between that and the 100l. he advanced. The learned counſel contended, that the agreement was legal, and the conduct of the defendant as juſtifiable as that of navy or army agents, and therefore hoped the court would accede to his motion.

Lord

Lord Alvanley was of opinion, that there was no analogy between the caſe of the defendant and that of army and navy agents, as the ſums to be received by the latter were fixed, and the allowance of their trouble aſcertained; whereas the defendant might, with as much juſtice, aſk 50 per cent, as 10. His lordſhip added, that he truſted the laws of England would ever be found to protect foreigners from unjuſt extortions of this kind.

Mr. Juſtice Rooke ſaid, that as it appeared on the examination of the evidence, that the 100l. advanced by the plaintiff, was in conſequence of a letter from the defendant, that ſuch a ſum was neceſſary to bribe ſome ſubordinate clerks in the treaſury, it was money had for an illegal purpoſe, and therefore the defendant was in fact entitled to nothing at all for his ſervices to the plaintiff in this buſineſs. He ſhould be of courſe rather diſpoſed to grant a new trial on the application of the plaintiff's counſel, in order to oblige the defendant to refund the whole ſum of 100l. without any deductions.

Mr. Serjeant Shephard, on the part of the plaintiff, declined the invitation of the bench.

Mr. Beſt's application was refuſed.

Hiſtory of the Coinage of Wood's Iriſh Halfpence.

WERE we to judge by the accounts generally given of this tranſaction, it would appear a monſter of deſpotiſm and fraud; that the halfpence were deficient in weight and goodneſs, and that the circulation of them would have been followed by the total ruin of Ireland. But the fact is, that the inimitable humour of Swift, which places the kingdom on one ſide, and William Wood on the other, miſled the judgment, and captivated the imagination; and moſt perſons, even in the preſent day, have formed their opinion of Wood's halfpence from his Drapier's Letters and ſatirical poems, rather than from authentic facts, which may be ſtated in a few lines.

There being a great deficiency of copper-currency in Ireland, the king granted to William Wood a patent for coining farthings and halfpence to the amount of 100,000l. ſterling, on certain terms, which the patentee was bound to abide by. Wood, who, in the language of Swift, is ridiculed under the denomination of a *hardwareman* and a *low mechanic*, was a great proprietor and renter of iron-works in England. He had a leaſe of all the mines on the crown-lands in thirty-nine counties, was proprietor of ſeveral iron and copper-works, and carried on, to a very conſiderable amount, manufactures for the preparation of thoſe metals. Among other propoſals ſubmitted to government, while the Earl of Sunderland was at the helm,

Wood's had the preference, and was accepted: to incur the odium which reſulted from it, was the lot of Sir Robert Walpole, who ſucceeded the earl in office.

By unbiaſſed perſons, it was conſidered as beneficial to Ireland; but the natives did not ſee it in ſo favourable a light, and before the money was circulated, a general ferment was excited. The oſtenſible cauſes of the complaint were derived from the conſideration, that Ireland was treated as a dependent kingdom; that the patent was granted to a perſon who was not a native; that the coin was ſtamped in England; and that, as a great profit was to be derived, the benefit ſhould have principally accrued to the public. All the attempts of the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Lieutenant, to ſubdue the public averſion, were ineffectual. The ſpirit of oppoſition ſeized all orders of men, and even many of thoſe who held the chief places under the duke's adminiſtration.

Inflamed by national zeal, the two houſes paſſed addreſſes to the crown, accuſing the patentee of fraud and deceit; aſſerting, that the terms of the patent were infringed both in the quantity and quality of the coin; that the circulation of the halfpence would be highly prejudicial to the revenue, deſtructive to the commerce, and of the moſt dangerous conſequence to the rights and properties of the ſubject; and declared, that, if even the terms had been complied with, the nation would have ſuſtained *a loſs of one hundred and fifty per cent!* It was not at that time expected, or dwelt on as a matter of ſpeculative propriety, that the weight of the copper-coin ſhould be adequate to its circulating value; and the aſſertion, that Wood had carried on notorious frauds and deceits in the coinage, as advanced by Swift, and that the intrinſic was not equal to one-eighth of the nominal value, was proved to be falſe, by an eſſay made at the mint, by Sir Iſaac Newton and his two aſſociates, men of honour and capacity; the reſult was, that, in weight, goodneſs, and fineneſs, it rather exceeded, than fell ſhort, of the conditions ſpecified in the patent.

But the clamour, however unjuſt, was raiſed, and became general, and it was a neceſſary act of prudence not to increaſe the ferment, by forcing upon a nation what was conſidered as unjuſt and fraudulent. Lord Carteret, who ſucceeded the Duke of Grafton in the office of Lord-Lieutenant, failed no leſs than his predeceſſor in all his endeavours to obtain the introduction of the copper-coin. The patent was ſurrendered, and tranquillity reſtored. Wood, as an indemnity for the loſs he had ſuſtained, received penſions to the amount of three thouſand a year, for eight years; notwithſtanding which, he was probably a loſer; for the emoluments ariſing from the patent for ſupplying Ireland with copper-coin were given by Sunderland

to

to the Ducheſs of Kendal, who ſold it to Wood—for what ſum, it would now be vain to inquire.

Account of the Digues at Medenblick, in Holland.

AT Medenblick the large digues that keep out the ſea are made of ſea-weed, which is brought thither for that purpoſe, piled up 18 feet high, and ſecured by horizontal and perpendicular poſts, and by very large ſtones at the bottom, that break the force of the waves, and the violence of the tide. The breadth of theſe digues is about 15 feet. A load of ſea-weed, or a brig full, coſts 24 florins. A tax is laid for this defence upon all the provinces, according to their ability to pay it; for if the ſea ſhould break through they are all loſt, as in many places, ſuch as Hoorn, the ſea is 16 feet higher than the land. The waves too, are ſometimes ſo unruly, that the inhabitants are obliged to come in the night, and lay ſails on the digue to ſtrengthen it, or whatſoever comes firſt to hand. In a ſudden ſtorm you may ſee them running to the wall of weeds, juſt as Virgil has deſcribed another meeting—

" Improviſi adſunt, hic torre armatus obuſto,
" Stipitis hic gravidi nodis: quod cuique repertum
" Rimanti, telum ira facit."

The ſea, like the ſpear of Achilles, or the ſurgeon in Gil Blas, wounds and heals.

" Una manus vulnus opemque tulit."

ANECDOTES.

A Preacher in a moſque began the hiſtory of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran, " I have called Noah," but, forgetting the reſt of the verſe, repeated the ſame words over and over. At length an Arab cried out, " If Noah will not come, call ſomebody elſe."

AN importunate beggar went to a miſer, and aſked for a garment, ſaying that his object was to have ſomething to remember him by. " My friend," ſaid the miſer, " as thy end is to remember me, I ſhall give thee nothing, for I am ſure thou wilt remember a refuſal much longer than a gift."

☞ *Muſicola's enigma will appear in the courſe of two or three weeks.*

POPE's WILLOW.

THE following is ſtated as the origin of Pope's willow, the famed relic of our favourite bard: "The famous and admired weeping willow planted by Pope, is at length felled to the ground; it has been long decaying, yet the axe ſtill lingered, but at length the fatal ſtroke was given.

"I had not heard the early hiſtory of this tree till after its fall:—It came from Spain, incloſing a preſent to the late Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II. and Queen Caroline, who was a favourite of both, particularly of the king. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the preſent: he obſerved the pieces of ſticks appeared as if there was ſome vegetation, and added, "Perhaps they may produce ſomething we have not in England.' Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow tree that has given birth to ſo many others."

On the FRENCH LANGUAGE.

IT is well known, that a coat of arms cannot be blazoned but in French. Dr. Wallis has obſerved, that the terms for the animals ſheep, cow, and calf, are of Saxon origin, yet that the Engliſh words for the fleſh of them are derived from the French, viz. mutton, beef, and veal: it ſhould ſeem from this, that we borrowed our moſt early cookery from that nation. Our terms in ſporting are likewiſe commonly derived from the ſame ſource, as bevy, covy, entapis, &c.

Suetonius ſays, that Caligula, when he intended to take advantage of his penal edicts, cauſed them to be written in ſo ſmall characters, and to be hung up at ſuch a height, that no one could read them; this, Hayward, in his life of William the Conqueror, applies to the Engliſh law being in French.

The late Lord Cheſterfield has characteriſed the French language the language of compliment. Compared with the Engliſh it certainly poſſeſſes much leſs dignity, is leſs nervous, and leſs calculated to expreſs the language of the heart.

A QUESTION, *by W. Rayls, Mathematical Maſter at Trenton Green Academy.*

I Have a braſs cone whoſe ſection is a parabola, the abſciſſa thereof is 37,5 inches, and the ſemi-ordinate 26 inches: Now admitting the cone to be cut parallel to its ſlant ſide, and the convex ſurface a minimum, what are the cones' dimenſions? The proceſs is requeſted to be given by fluxions.

Anſwer, by A. L. of Poole, to C. Mackey's Rebus, inſerted December 7.

YOUR whole with care I did combine
To ſpin a HUMMING-TOP with twine.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from E. S. of Chard.

Anſwer, by G. H. near Bridport, to G. Coulman's Charade, inſerted December 14.

THE LAUREL-BRANCH doth much adorn,
When victories are gain'd;
But was with greater pleaſure worn
For glorious peace obtain'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, J. Squance, R. Sowdon, S. Murch, E. Penney, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; A. L. of Poole; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Willcocks, jun. of Plymouth-Dock; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by R. Sowdon, of Exeter, to H. Humphreys's Charade, inſerted Dec. 14.

IN your charade, as I am clear,
The RED-BREAST plainly doth appear.

§*§ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; W. Pollard, of Egloſhayle; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; A. L. of Poole; G. H. near Bridport; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. England, of Dorcheſter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; and E. Penney, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by C. Mackey, of Plymouth.*

A Famous counſel firſt deſery;
A title next of the moſt high;
A coin you now muſt bring to light;
A beaſt alſo much fam'd for might;
A burning mount you next aſſay:
The initials ſhew a bird of prey.

A CHARADE, *by P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

A Metal that's hard firſt bring to appear,
That aſſiſts ancient warriors and modern I hear;
My ſecond's a part of yourſelf you will find:
And when you theſe two have rightly combin'd,
My whole, when cemented, it clearly will bring,
Conſpicuous to view, an old Engliſh king.

A CHARADE, *by F. M.*

MY firſt all women love to do,
And often in a paſſion;
My next appears a foreign word,
That ſignifies a faſhion.
My whole combin'd
Will bring to mind,
A poet's name,
Well known to fame.

POETRY.

ODE *for the* NEW-YEAR, 1802.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq. Poet-Laureat.*

LO, from Bellona's crimſon car,
At length the panting ſteeds unbound,
At length the thunder of the war,
In feſtive ſhouts of peace is drown'd:
Yet as around her monarch's brow,
Britannia twines the olive bough,
Bold as her eagle-eye is caſt,
On hours of recent tempeſt paſt:
Thro' the rude wave and adverſe gale,
When free ſhe ſpread her daring ſail,
Immortal glory's radiant form,
Her guiding load-ſtar thro' the ſtorm;
Directed by whoſe golden ray,
Thro' rocks and ſhoals ſhe kept her ſteady way;
"My ſons," ſhe cries, "can honour's guerdon claim,
"Unſoil'd my parent worth, unſtain'd their ſovereign's fame?"

Albion! tho' oft by dread alarms,
Thy native valour has been tried,
Ne'er did the luſtre of thy arms
Shine forth with more refulgent pride
Than when, while Europe's ſons diſmay'd,
Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid;
Alone, unfriended, firm you ſtood,
A barrier 'gainſt the foaming flood.
When mild and ſoft the ſilken breeze
Blows gently o'er the ripling ſeas;
The pinnace then may lightly ſweep,
With painted oar the halcyon deep:
But when the howling whirlwinds riſe,
When mountain billows threat the ſkies;
With ribs of oak the bark muſt brave,
The inroad of the furious wave;
The hardy crew muſt to the raging wind,
Oppoſe the ſinewy arm, the unconquerable mind.

In every clime where ocean roars,
High tho' thy naval banners flew;
From where by hyperborean ſhores,
The frozen gale ungenial blew,
To ſultry lands that Indian ſurges lave,
Atlantic iſles, and fam'd Canopus' wave;
Tho' from inſulted Egypt's coaſt
Thy armies ſwept the victor hoſt,
From veteran bands where Britiſh valour won
The lofty walls of Ammon's god-like ſon:
Uſeleſs the danger and the toil,
To free each ſelf-devoted ſoil,
Auxiliar legions from thy ſide
Recede, to ſwell the Gallic conqueror's pride:
While on Marengo's fatal plain,
Faithful to honour's tie, brave Auſtria bleeds in vain.

Nor

Nor fir'd by fierce ambition's flame,
Did Albion's monarch urge his car,
Impetuous thro' the bleeding ranks of war,
To ſuccour and protect his nobler aim.
His guardian arm, while each Heſperian vale,
While Luſitania's vine-clad mountains hail
Their ancient rights and laws reſtor'd,
The royal patriot ſheaths the avenging ſword;
By heaven born concord led, while plenty ſmiles,
And ſheds her bounties wide to bleſs the ſiſter iſles.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

REFLECTIONS *on* NEW-YEAR's DAY, 18[illegible].

FROM all my acquaintance I meet
One ſtriking expreſſion I hear;
With a ſmile on their face they repeat,
"I wiſh you a happy new-year."

What a tremour their voices impart!
What a damp on my ſpirits they caſt!
How ſad! How aſtoniſh'd my heart!
When I think on the year that is paſt.

I have finiſh'd an act on my ſtage;
Thro' ſcenes without number I've been:
I know I am older in age,
And am I not older in ſin?

The pleaſures that earth can afford
Have led me too often aſtray;
And the love that I owe to my Lord
I have paid to a being of clay.

Remembrance and conſcience reprove
The ſprings whence my happineſs flows;
For the thoughts that I laviſh in love
Should be ſpent on eternal repoſe.

To the grave what a number are gone
In the courſe of a ſhort, fleeting year!
Perchance e'er another is flown
My name in the liſt may appear.

And am I prepar'd to depart
From the race I am running below?
What a terror prevails o'er my heart
When my conſcience too plainly ſays "NO."

O Father of Mercies above!
O teach me to dread thy decree;
Infuſe in my boſom a love,
A love that ſhall flouriſh for thee.

When the ſcenes that are fled I review,
I ſcarce think a year can be gone;
Ye hours of deluſion adieu!
Adieu eighteen hundred and one.

Devonſhire. EDWIN.

ON *an* EMPTY PURSE.

CAN man ſuſtain a greater curſe
Than to poſſeſs an empty purſe?
Yes: with abundance to be bleſt,
And not enjoy the power to taſte.